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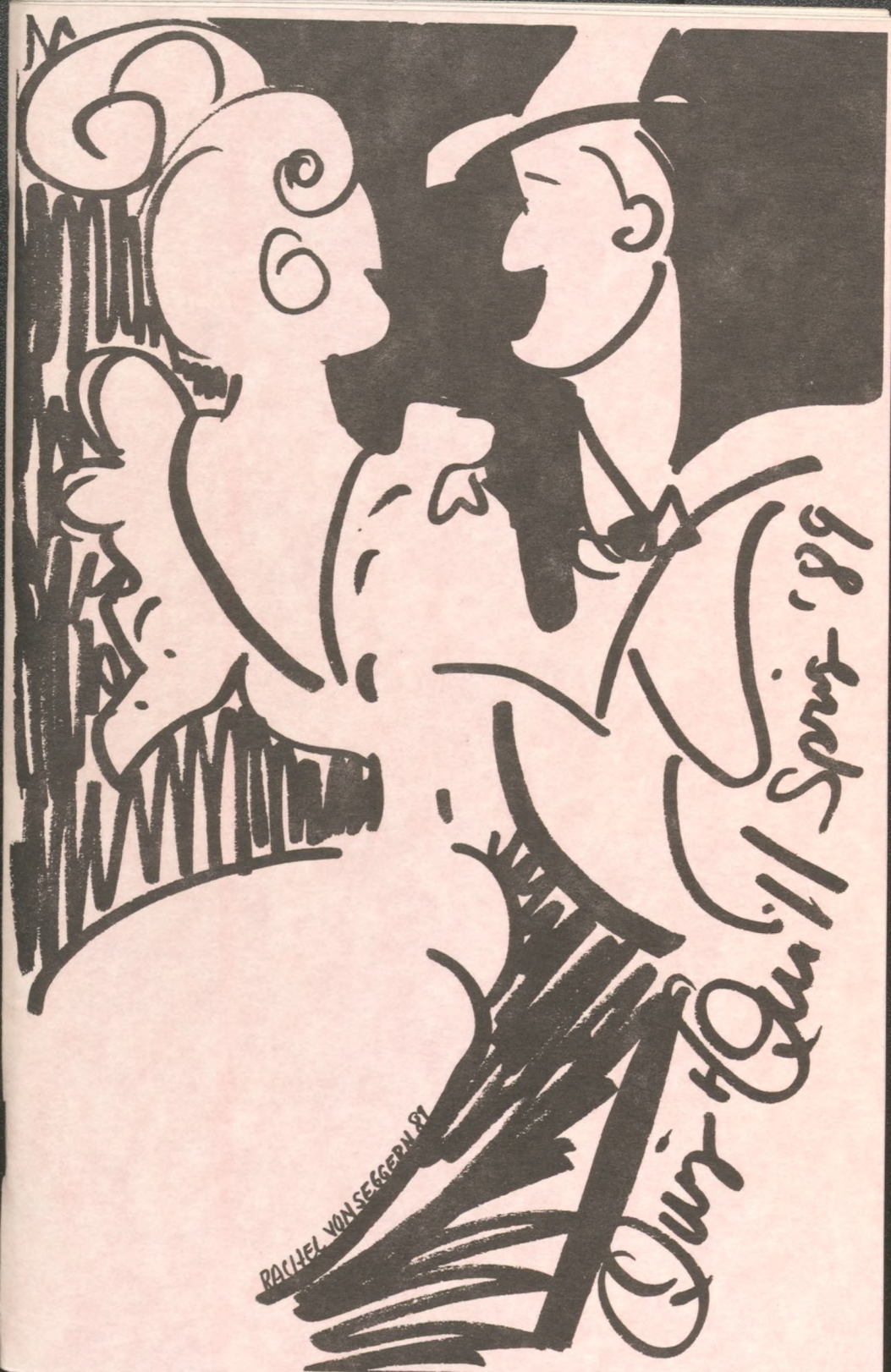


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QUIZ AND QUILL

Otterbein College
Westerville, Ohio

Spring 1989

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Editor's Note

Welcome to the 1989 Spring issue. After a long, grueling winter, Spring is here at last with all the poetry and prose of the season. The Spring issue is an exciting issue to publish; we send over five hundred copies to our *Quiz and Quill* alumni. Whether you are an alumni of *Quiz and Quill*, a current Otterbein student, or simply a friend of the college, I hope you enjoy leafing through our magazine and reading the various selections. We have chosen a variety of contributions and I believe that this issue is truly representative of the Otterbein community.

I would like to take this time to express appreciation for our faithful staff who have helped to get this issue ready for the printer. I also need to say a word of thanks to Cyndi Miller, our assistant editor, Laura Guy our art editor, and Dr. Marilyn Saveson, our advisor. Each of these persons has contributed a part to make this year a success.

And now, without further ramblings, I will leave you with this issue to read at your leisure. Enjoy!

Jennifer Olin, editor

Quiz and Quill

Spring, 1989

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CALCULUS FIVE

Yesterday I woke
To the horizon.
Today I'm looking
Into the void:
Tomorrow is yesterday
And heaven is hell!
Can you hear the bell
Of the yin/yang?

Leaves are falling
Fast in autumn
And nurses won't
Last until spring.
Suddenly new vistas
Of harmony shift
Before my eyes;
And as the
Baby cries,
I sing.

Art Ochsman

REBIRTH

First Place, Roy Burkhart Religious Poetry Contest

I am living today
 No more a mere existence
 But an active participation in a life
 which we control.

No hiding in shadows
 or running from storms

I am alive and I am
 FREE!

I sense the world around me
 and I no longer see,
 Me alone--desiring to be you.

I find compassion, companionship, and strength
 in my Creator.

So I can face you now.
I can be alive with you,
because inside myself
 I am no longer dead.

I AM LIVING TODAY!

Deborah Shandor

**TWENTY MINUTES OF NINE:
AN ELABORATION OF THE
EVENTS OCCURRING ON
MISS HAVISHAM'S WEDDING DAY***

Second Place, Quiz and Quill Short Story Contest

The day may, or may not, have dawned brilliantly bringing with it the hope of domestic happiness for Miss Havisham. She rose earlier than usual to review the matters that needed attention before the wedding later that afternoon. During the course of her preparation, she would have liked some assistance, not being accustomed to managing situations single-handedly, but as Herbert had explained, both mother and father were dead, and Miss Havisham was required to make the wedding arrangements herself, distrusting servants.

I imagined her repeatedly seating herself at the elegant dressing table I had seen in various stages of delapidation during my Manor House visits. Now, the table resembled its owner--graceful, sophisticated, anxious, in the face of usefulness and happiness. The jewels upon the dressing table, laid out the night before, had already adorned Miss Havisham's neck several times before the first rays of sunlight burst through an open window. The mirror upon the table, in my memory gilded and shrouded in dust, now reflected a youthful countenance, full of life, love, health, and happiness.

Because she was an heiress full of hopes and ambition, as well as rich, a wedding in grand style would be expected from Miss Havisham with tolerance for nothing shabby or second-hand. The flowers, brightly colored and full of fragrance and

gaiety, would be spread throughout the house and the church. The servants, rising from sleep to be assured of the house's immaculateness, would lay out the great table in the reception room with a fragile lace tablecloth, the wedding cake to be the crowning glory of it. Delicately wrought candelabra were brought to that room to dispel the darkness that would be a caller after the wedding guests returned for the reception. Taking all this elegance in, I cannot help believing that Miss Havisham smiled a secret smile, applauding her success.

Returning to her dressing room, I fancy Miss Havisham was taken aback by the sight of her own wedding dress floating contentedly on a coat tree, biding its time for success and recognition. If the material itself had a smile to give--that symbol of purity, beauty, and unmatched, all-consuming love--if it could speak, perhaps it would have commented on those things which it embodied, pride and peace. I have no doubt that Miss Havisham crossed the room to touch the dress, to caress its smoothness and stability; she was also touched by a wave of nostalgia mixed with an unwarranted hesitation for the future, even if the gown said nothing.

I don't suppose that after having handled the gown and felt a certain oneness with it, Miss Havisham could resist slipping it over her head, dancing in front of a mirror, and mimicking the wedding procession for her amusement. She probably adjusted her veil several hundred times in an attempt to achieve the most demure effect. She probably only succeeded in rumpling her hair and frustrating herself to the point where she believed it an impossible task. To calm her frustration and nerves, she may have once again returned to her dressing table to account for the items upon it, reaffirming the placement that she had just reaffirmed

minutes before. Seeing herself in the mirror, Miss Havisham glanced behind her and saw the reflection of a dark shadow along the back wall of her dressing room although the room was all but filled with sunlight. She left her dressing table to investigate and to her dismay discovered a plant dying from an obvious lack of sunlight and care. Although several vines remained green, they were losing life and vitality quickly. Wondering how the nourishment of the plant had been overlooked, Miss Havisham gingerly reached out to touch the yellowing tendrils, only to see them break, crumble, and fall in her hand. Resolving to return life to the withered bit of nature, she rushed to find water for it but got no further than the middle of her room when there was a knock at the door. Crossing to answer it and still holding the plant, Miss Havisham was told by a servant that a messenger had just arrived with a letter for her to be delivered immediately. Expecting the message to be one of best wishes and congratulations from an old friend unable to attend the wedding, she was quite surprised to recognize the sprawling handwriting of her husband-to-be. The letter began. . .

My own recreation of the events is largely imaginative and strictly hypothetical, but I did try to incorporate the facts I had gathered up to that point in my life, from my experiences with Miss Havisham and from what I had derived from Herbert. At this point my imagination balked, certainly not from overwork, but because I realized that the content of the letter was not important. The important thing was its effect on Miss Havisham--it devastated her, severely altered her attitude and ultimately her life. I could speculate as to the content and reasoning of the message, but it is unneeded. My imagination screams at me to relay its tale of the circumstances immediately following Miss Havisham's read-

ing of the letter.

Upon reading her bridegroom's letter for the third time, Miss Havisham continued to register nothing but disbelief. As the meaning took hold and she attempted to read the letter another time, the page became blurred and the writing unintelligible. Viewing herself in the mirror a last time in her bridal attire, she erupted in a scream full of agony, anger, and betrayal. The servants, hearing the scream rushed to find her unconscious and having seizures, clutching desperately in her right hand the withered, dying plant while the clock on the wall behind her read twenty minutes of nine.

Hillary Kline

** This story is an imaginary chapter that Hillary has written for Charles Dickens's Great Expectations.*



GOYA ON MY MIND

Shadows of insanity
Bars of trapped souls
Releasing the inner self in
contorted screams.

An El Greco Mad Hatter,
grotesque ghouls surrounding him,
mutters nonsense of
(the rain in Spain falls mainly on the plains)
and the walls echo it deep into my brain.

I keep my insanity inside
(safe inside)
It's dangerous to let it out.
And I pacify myself by
sucking on my toes.

I see Ghouls in boxes of darkness
and I remember the joy of a box of chocolates
and incessantly sucking out ugly cream.

A scream of pain escaped,
leaps around the room,
Knocking scrabble letters against the walls.

I press my ears to my head
(a paintbrush is heavy as lead)
And I fly through space and time
with Goya on my mind.

Michael Mann

Quiz and Quill

Spring, 1989

THE INFLUENCE OF THE PAST ON FAULKNER'S CHARACTERS IN LIGHT IN AUGUST

First Place, Quiz and Quill Critical Essay Contest

Light in August, by William Faulkner, has two pervasive themes running through the novel. First, Faulkner places a great deal of emphasis upon history and the past experiences of characters. The present plights of three characters, Joe Christmas, Joanna Burden, and Gail Hightower, are saturated with experiences wrought with past history. Secondly, Light In August is a novel which illustrates isolation and separation from community. Again, these three characters are similar; Christmas, Burden, and Hightower each live in the community of Jefferson, yet to the rest of the town they remain outsiders. If not physically isolated, they are spiritually isolated.

Faulkner blends these two themes together very effectively. Edmond Volpe says that "the tragic plight of the Faulkner hero is that he is a prisoner of the past, of society and moral taboos, and of his own introspection" (21). The isolation of these characters stems not from their present situations, but from their personal histories. Christmas, Burden, and Hightower each have a past filled with inner turmoil and conflict. The conflicts within each of them are what nurture a sense of isolation and separation from community.

From Joe Christmas's first appearance in the novel, we sense that he is disconnected from the others around him. Byron Bunch notices that "there was something definitely rootless about him, as though no town, nor city was his, no street, no walls, no square on earth was his home" (27). His aloof personality and reserved manner remove him from his co-workers at the mill. Furthermore, not only is he psychologically alienated, but he is physically alienated from the rest of Jefferson as well; he lives on the outskirts of town, something which Byron once again notices:

No one knew where he lived, slept at night, save that now and then someone would see him following a path that came up through the edge of town, as if he might live out there somewhere. (31)

Faulkner's idea that "memory believes before knowing remembers" (111) conveys the attitude that we are conditioned by the external experiences of our lives. We cannot detach ourselves from our memories, and therefore, our past experiences taint the way in which we experience the present. Christmas's life illustrates this philosophy. His present state of isolation has sprung forth from a turbulent past; from early childhood, he has lived with a confused sense of racial identity. His appearance is white, yet he has blackness in his history, and thus vacillates between two disparate images of himself. His blackness is an unexplainable shadow that follows him everywhere. Early memories of the angry dietician who screamed, "You little Nigger bastard!" (114) and the taunting cries of other children at the orphanage feed Christmas's confusion.

Cleanthe Brooks says that "Joe's status as 'nigger' is a state of mind rather than a consequence of his possessing some negro genes" (vii). The words of the dietician and the children have a powerful impact on him. His experiences subconsciously follow him, and whether he is really black does not seem to matter; rather, he has been conditioned to *believe* he is black. Consequently, Christmas spends his life waging war between two aspects of himself. Because he has both colors within him, he is without identity. His whiteness is repulsed by his blackness while his blackness loathes his whiteness. This inward toil and confusion drives him to despair. However, he is unable to grasp the complexity of his psychological turmoil and, "he thought that it was loneliness which he was trying to escape and not himself" (213). It is with this wandering sense of isolation that he comes to Jefferson and into the life of Joanna Burden.

Joanna Burden, a middle-aged spinster, is another character

alienated from society. She is similar to Christmas in that her isolation stems from racial issues. Joanna is a modern abolitionist who tries to live out her ideals in a bigoted, racist South. She is introduced to the reader as an active citizen who devotes her time and energy to the development of Negro colleges. As Joanna recalls her place in the community, she realizes that it is her family history that has made her what she is; she comes from a line of Yankee abolitionists. Joanna acknowledges that "we were foreigners, strangers, that thought differently from the people whose country we had come into without being asked or wanted" (241).

In some ways, the fact that Joanna works on behalf of the black community is commendable and although her actions alienate her from the white community, it seems that she would be welcome by Negroes. However, Joanna does not fit in with the black community; in an unusual way, her family history reveals a unique type of racism that sets her apart. Her grandfather, Calvin Burden, an outspoken abolitionist, left the Catholic Church because it was an institution "full of frog-eating slaveholders" (228). He committed murder in an argument concerning slavery, and he encouraged his children to join in his battle against slavery.

Strangely enough, despite Burden's abolitionist views, his attitudes were racist. He hated slavery not because Blacks are equal to Whites; in fact, Calvin believed that Negroes are undoubtedly inferior. They are "damn, low-built blackfolks: lowbuilt because of the weight of the wrath of God, black because of the sin of human bondage staining their blood and flesh" (234). It was because of his belief in the low status of Negroes that Calvin hated slavery; Calvin felt that it is the obligation of white society to raise them up, to teach them to live properly. Whites are obliged to release Blacks from slavery. Calvin's ideas were not acceptable within white, Southern society and therefore, he and his grandson, Joanna's half-brother, were murdered for their views.

Joanna recalls hearing this family history told to her by her father, Nathaniel Burden. The stories made a great impression on her

when she was a child--they influenced her attitude toward Black people:

I seemed to see them for the first time,
not as people, but as a thing, a shadow
in which I [Joanna] lived, we lived, all
white people, all other people. (239)

Thus, Joanna brings to her present life a set of rules imposed upon her by her past—a past that tells her it is right that Whites are superior to Blacks, but wrong that Whites do not help Blacks. She defies the cultural laws of the South by supporting Negroes in their education, yet she continues to assert her ideas of White supremacy. She tells Joe that he should go to college so that he can help his fellow Negroes “up out of the darkness” (261). Her labor on behalf of Negroes gives her a sense of self-righteousness that, of course, separates her from them. Joanna, in a futile, “no-win” situation, neither plays by the rules of the white community nor does she consider Blacks to be her equal. She is thus alienated from both worlds.

Gail Hightower is a third character who lives in Jefferson yet experiences a sense of isolation from the community. His house is physically separated from the rest of the town. The bungalow is “brown, unpainted, and unobtrusive. . . . So hidden it is that the light from the corner street lamp scarcely touches it” (52). One Jefferson citizen notes that “he don’t worry any more. . . . most folks have forgot about him” (54). Once again, with Hightower, Faulkner has illustrated the effects that the past experiences of a person have on his present situation.

Perhaps Hightower is the character most consciously tied to his own personal history; he literally tries to live out historic events. His very existence in Jefferson is because a glorious battle was fought there and his family roots lie within that battle and within the community. As Volpe says, he is one of the many Faulkner characters who are “nurtured on stories of the family’s former glory and of his bold, gallant great-grandfather” (18). Hightower clings to these historical tales and we see that he did “grow to manhood among phantoms” (Faulkner 450).

This sense of history is overpowering to Hightower. As a

seminary student, he believes that

God must call me to Jefferson because my life died there, was shot from a saddle of a galloping horse in a Jefferson street one night twenty years before it was ever born. (452).

It is with this drive and conviction, with this sense of destiny, that Hightower comes to Jefferson as a minister; yet his past continues to dominate all of his present potential. In his ministry, he rarely reaches out to the citizens. Instead, he uses the Church as a retreat. "He believed with a calm joy that if ever there was shelter, it would be the Church" (453). Through his role in the Church, Hightower believes that he can gloriously serve the community, the community of his past.

Hightower's obsession with the past becomes his ultimate downfall. Unable to associate with the present, he lives his life in the pages of books. He sees his life as an historical drama and, in the process, he fails to comprehend the realities of his present situation. He neglects his wife as a real person; "when he did see her he did not see her at all because of the face which he had already created in his mind" (454). Tragically, he loses her when she packs up and leaves. In retrospect, Hightower realizes the significance of his life choices. With a sense of regret, he thinks, "How false the most profound books turn out to be when applied to life" (455). Banished from the Church and bereft of his wife's love, he acknowledges that "after all, I have paid. I have bought my ghost, even though I did pay for it with my life" (464).

If Hightower had been able to accept life as a continuous, ongoing process, he might have gained a place within the community of Jefferson. Instead, he remained chained to the ghosts of his history. Likewise, Joe Christmas and Joanna Burden were defeated by their

inability to break away from molds created in earlier days. Haunted by the past, Faulkner's characters remain alone forever.

Jennifer Olin

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Volpe, Edmond L. A Reader's Guide to William Faulkner. New York: Farrar, Straus and Co., 1964.



DOCTOR GRAY

THIS MAGICIAN COMMANDS
BLACK AND WHITE TO OUR
DELIGHT INTO HUES
OF DARK AND BRIGHT
BILLOWING IN SHADES
OF SILVER AND GOLD.
AND WE WITNESS THE
TRANSFORMATION OF THE
LANDSCAPES OF OUR MINDS
INTO A NEW TAPESTRY
OF UNDERSTANDING AND
COMPASSION RICH WITH
HUMAN EXPERIENCE.
MAY WE SAY, THANK YOU
DOCTOR CECILE GRAY.

Art Ochsman

WAYNE

Second Place, Quiz and Quill Poetry Contest

His tears roll on, swollen
out of control
the new She sparked old stories
 a coal-mine youth (no time
 for school, only lung-blackening,
 midnight days
 so he could support
 momma, illiteracy, and
 wife two years dead.
Stories she'd expected
yet still not rejected
so
he believes
 sitting like a hick god
 on a crooked barstool
 that she will pity him
 will cherish outlaw tears
he hopes
 she will erase salt from his cheeks

like chalk from blackboard
he claims he never saw.

She sorrows for his greasy tears
for a mountain youth
now balding and stubbly
and eyes which won't read.

until
a resurrected wife
erases his lies with a finger
in her face and a threat on her
life.

Marcella Hochwalt

SAM AND ANGEL: A VARIATION ON THE HANSEL AND GRETEL THEME

First Place, Quiz and Quill Short Story Contest

Near the center of a large city there lived a poor welfare mother and her two children. The little boy's name was Sam, and the little girl's was Angel. There was never enough to eat in their fallen-down apartment. The monthly ADC checks just couldn't cover the appetites of two growing children. And some months, the ADC check was stolen by the alley's addicts before the family got even a morsel of food. One night, the mother lay tossing, turning, and drinking on the fold-out couch. She couldn't bear to be hungry all the time and to know her children were, as well. There wasn't even hardly money to booze any more. She cried out loud, "What's to become of us?" Then the idea came to her. She would take her children across town, to the west side, and leave them. "Surely," she said, "surely some kind person will pity my poor children and give them the kind of life they so deserve!"

The children were too hungry to sleep, and they heard what their mother was planning. Angel wept bitter tears and said, "Oh, Sam—what can we do?" "Hush Angel," Sam answered, "Everything will be fine." After his mother's bottle hit the floor and she'd quit tossing, Sam figured she was asleep. He crept out the window, crawled down the fire escape, and ran to the 24-hour mini-mart. He stole a can of red paint, as he had no money to pay for it, and ran out the door. Once safely back in the dim apartment, he whispered, "Don't worry, Angel. I won't forsake us."

Before noon the next day, the mother awoke. She gathered her two children and gave them each a cheese sandwich. She said, "Today I'm going to show you the rest of the city." Then they all started out of the neighborhood together. Sam stopped still and looked back in the direction of the house, and every once in awhile he did it again. His mother said, "Sam, why do you keep lolly-gagging?"

This is not a good neighborhood to pause in." "Oh, Mother," Sam said, "I'm looking at my pit-bull. He's sitting on the roof." "Oh, Sam!" his mother cried, "that's not your pit-bull, that's a bum!" But Sam hadn't been looking at his pit-bull. Each time he had taken the paint and sprayed a red cross on the closest wall.

The mother took them up and down the same streets, circling the city so the children couldn't find their way back. When they came to the middle of the west side, the mother said, "Go ahead and rest on the bench. I'm going to look for a job."

Sam and Angel sat on the bench and waited. They ate their sandwiches and fell asleep. When they awoke, it was dark outside and Angel was scared. But Sam said, "We'll find our way back! I left a trail of crosses that we can follow." But when they tried to find them, all they saw were freshly sanded spots where the city crew had erased the graffiti. Sam said to Angel: "Don't worry, we'll find the way." But they didn't find it. They walked all night and then all day and they couldn't find their way out of the west side. They had nothing to eat, and when their legs were so tired they could go no further, they fell asleep again on the park bench.

It was now their third day on their own, and if they did not get rescued soon they were sure to die of weariness or hunger. "Look, Sam!" Angel said, and pointed to a sleek black cat with a diamond collar. The cat leaped up and headed down the sidewalk. "Angel," Sam said, "If only that cat would give us her collar, we'd be rich!" So they followed the cat as it wandered through the streets. It leaped up on a porch. The children came close and saw the building was beautiful marble and there were beautiful men and women sitting in the windows. There was a sign in the yard which read "The Candy House." From inside came the aroma of marinated steaks and baking bread. Sam and Angel recognized the sound of wine being poured. Entranced by the smells and beautiful people, they slowly crept forward. Suddenly, the door opened! A black-haired man in a white suit stepped out. "Oh, what dear children! However did you get here? Don't be afraid!" As he waved them inside, the gold from ten jeweled rings flashed in the sun.

"Come in and stay with me. You will come to no harm." He put an arm around each, and led them to the table, where they had a fine meal of steak, potatoes, salad, and bread. Even the wine was offered. And then two beds were made up clean and white, and Sam and Angel thought they were on TV.

But the man had only pretended to be kind. Actually, he was a pimp, who waylaid children who appeared lost or alone. He charmed them and then used any child who fell into his hands, and that was a profitable day. Pimps have cold hearts and can't think very well, but they have a keen sense of opportunity when it is approaching. As Sam and Angel neared, he laughed an evil laugh and said with a jeer, "Here come two who will never get away from me!" Early in the morning, when the children were still asleep, he got up and when he saw them resting so quietly, he muttered to himself "What profitable little workers they will be!" He grabbed Angel and carried her to a red room, and locked the scarred door behind her. She screamed for all she was worth, but much good it did her. Then he went back to Sam, shook him awake and cried, "Get up, scum! You must clean the rooms and then hit the streets. If you don't bring back enough money for the crack I give you, your sister will have to earn the rest. Scram!" Sam didn't weep—he had to do what the wicked pimp told him.

Poor Sam set out to sell the crack for Angel's sake. However, the pimp had failed to tell him what neighborhoods were his to work, and he wandered out of his bounds. One of the pimp's rivals, an evil fat man, spotted the boy, and pulled him into his car. He told Sam they would throw him in the river after he'd been fitted with cement shoes. Still Sam did not weep. He told the fat man about the pimp, and explained that he had to save his sister. The fat man, who had always hated the pimp and pitied the boy, as he himself had a sister, put the car in reverse and returned to "The Candy House." The fat man bounced through the door, found the pimp, and shot him.

Sam ran straight to Angel's room. "Angel! We're saved! The pimp is dead!" Angel hopped out like a bird when someone opens its cage. How happy they were! And now that there was nothing to be

afraid of, they went through the pimp's rooms, which were filled with cash, gold, and jewels, and filled their pockets. "We'd better leave now," Sam said, "and get out of this bad neighborhood."

They walked for blocks until they spotted and stopped a taxi. "With all this gold," Angel said, "we should be able to cross town." Sure enough, the taxi driver took all their gold, but they still had the cash and jewels. The driver dropped them off. They began to run, and flew in the apartment and threw themselves in their mother's arms. The poor woman hadn't had a happy hour since she'd left the children on the west side, and she'd given up drinking. They emptied their pockets, and the money and jewels went bouncing around the room. All their worries were over and they lived together in pure happiness.

Marcella Hochwalt

Haiku : Ode to Nathan

Nathan has big hair.
He can hide most things in it,
Yet his face falls through.

Teresa Huckins

THE KNOCK-KNOCK JOKE

Four short, precise taps. . .

No

No body's home.

Six, short, deliberate knocks. . .

No

No response.

Eight, loud, heavy pounds. . .

No

Nobody home.

Instinct. . .

Ear to the door. . .

I hear the sounds, so familiar,

The music of days gone by.

The laughter, loud and heavy, as the bobsled barrels its way down

the snow-covered hill. . .

the cold, wet snow hitting me in the face.

The laughter, soft and low, shared with those held dear in those
special moments.

The laughter, private and intimate, shared in moments of intimacy

with the only man I have ever loved.

The laughter, filled with shooting stars I've seen blaze the horizon,

rainbows bright as the rain covered my soul, jokes that tickled my fancy.

Fists pounding furiously. . .

Why won't anyone answer. . .I hear the sounds. . .I know. . .I know
I'm in there!

Pounding, kicking, shoulders bounded against the heavy door met
only with bruising pain.

How?

Why? Why did I ever shut the door? Why did I lock it? Where is the key?

Panic...will I ever get in? Will I know if/when I do? Will it matter then

Heidi Baughman

HOMELESS

I see the golden twilight of other lives;

my hollow, devoid of purpose existence. Puppetpulled am I,
bound and gagged. Free but intertwined with society barriers.

I watch from the frosty window pane, my skeleton hand shows
the decay of my soul.

Searching but groping in the darkness of my ignorance.

Memories of contentment whirl around me,
only to be lost in the howling.

Ann Cupps

EXCLAMATION POINT

Who will be the disciple of the new form born out of a generation of numbskulls who banter after absurd goals? Past forms cannot bear the weight. We are all seeking but are blind to the real keys to meaning. Groping in barren landscapes of poetic desiccation, bastards of the western motherland cross the borders of creativity. A new form will emerge, but in a shocking, secret way. No one will believe it has even arrived. But somewhere, buried in some obscure student factory, a new chaos will appear.

John Deever

GRIEF

The flowery pillow
 feels cool against my tear-swollen cheeks
Big blue and pink petals--

 Blackened with my womanly costume.
Slowly my eyes shut--

I feel the cold, hard surface of the gravestone
Tiny drops run down my face
Splashing onto the stone, as
My fingers etch out your name.
Do you get cold and shiver as I do?
Loneliness aches until
Life rushes in squeezing me.
I cry
and cry and cry.

As a child I played on fine carpets
A protected princess--
Laid my tiny arms around your neck
Head against your chest
Listening to your heart
 beat unceasingly
Now,
I lie quiet,
Alone in the systematic stillness
And breathe.

Cyndi Miller

**"Parting is all we know of Heaven
And all we need of Hell."**

—Emily Dickinson

Second Place, Quiz and Quill Personal Essay Contest

The first time I looked at a dead person was probably in my first grade Sunday school class during Easter week when my teacher showed us a picture of Jesus on the cross. The first time I really saw a dead person was when my Grandmother died during my junior year in high school. But the first time I dealt with death was during my sophomore year in college when Lisa, one of my high school friends, was shot.

It happened towards the end of February, a little more than half-way through winter term. A friend called and told me; then I read it in the paper and saw it on the news. But the reality didn't sink in until I saw her lying in a casket wearing her favorite red striped sweater with a picture of her cat, Pooky, in her hand.

Twelve days after I had torn myself away from her casket on that chilly Wednesday morning, finals week hit. I have no idea what pulled me through or gave me the energy to finish my assignments. I was exhausted from sleepless nights full of dream-scenarios of what it might have been like for her to look down the hallway and see a man pointing a gun at her. I was worn out from trying to explain to myself where she had gone and why it had happened. I was tired of being around people who could shrug their shoulders and say, "Shit happens," but I was even more tired of trying to absorb all the justifications other people gave me. "God wanted her by His side, honey. He called her home. It's all a part of God's ultimate plan."

I couldn't buy into the idea that God would let this happen. And what kind of God would murder people to get them by His side? What kind of a God could sit back and watch it happen? All the justifications pointed to a mean, violent, selfish God who had no idea of—and didn't care about—the Hell he was inflicting on the people He left here on earth. Hearing those excuses for Lisa's death did nothing but make me scream at God and everyone else. And when people told me, "She's happier in heaven," I became so angry I couldn't even scream any more.

I couldn't grasp the idea that Lisa could be happy in heaven because I didn't think I would've been happy to be in heaven. I liked being nineteen and I think Lisa liked being nineteen, too. We both had plans for marriage and kids and vacations in Hawaii. How could I believe she was happy when I knew she would never experience these very things she wanted to experience?

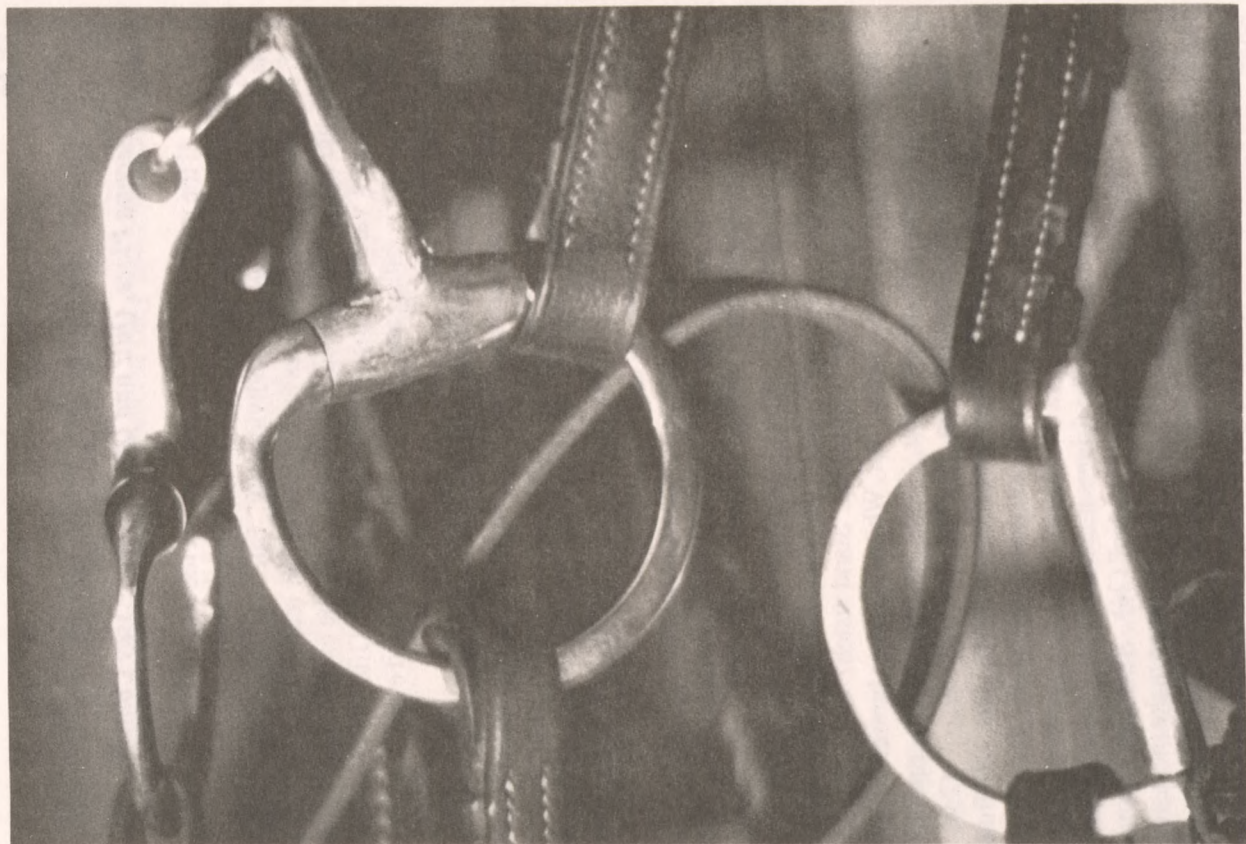
The harder people tried to convince me heaven was a positive experience, the more I thought they were wrong. I wasn't feeling relaxed, carefree, or happy: I was feeling abandoned and betrayed. I was scared that my other friends would be shot or that my family would die and I'd be all alone in this confusing world run by a God who thinks nothing of using violence.

Rare moments came when my mind escaped images of Lisa and absorbed itself with an assignment or some sorority project. Then someone would say, "I would die for that sweater" or "I'd like to kill him for saying that." Inside I would cringe; the imagery was too vivid for me to take casually. If I tried to watch TV to get my mind off her, it never failed that the only shows on were "Miami Vice" or "The Equalizer." How could I try to go on with my life when every place I turned to bombarded me with images of shootings and death?

Occasionally I was calm enough to try and talk to Lisa and to hear what I thought she would say about being okay and liking heaven pretty well and making some new friends up there. But then I would open my eyes and see only the black plastic eyes of my teddy bear staring back at me, and my heart ripped open again. She isn't physically with me any more. I can never hug her again, or get a letter in the mail from her, or call her on the phone. All I know for sure is that she is dead, and that stings like hell every time I remember it.

I'll never forget that out-of-breath feeling the news of her death gave me. I'll never forget that feeling of abandonment I had as I tried to walk away from her casket. I'll never forget the fear of sleeping--the fear that I would see the pink satin in her casket, the yellow of the daisy my friend put in her hand, the green of the grass where they buried her--all over again in my mind. Although I may never know what heaven is like, my hell is beginning to end. I'm starting to remember the way she laughed. And the way she was so particular about how her hair looked. And the way she covered up her slightly crooked front teeth every time she smiled.

Lori Patterson



IN WHITEY'S WORLD

Second Place, Quiz and Quill Critical Essay Contest

If the individual is willing to accept the lessons of experience, and adapt himself to contingencies over which he has little control, then he can achieve the goal of individuality. But if the individual refuses to accept his/her experiences and denies his/her reality, if he refuses to reach and adapt and, instead, attempts to relive the experiences which he considers valuable, then the individual fails. Often he does not realize that he is failing and, instead, denies failure and everything else that disappoints him.

Whitey, a character in Tillie Olsen's short story "Hey Sailor, What Ship?" is the epitome of such an individual, and thus reveals the power of Olsen's writing: her exact perception. She truly knows how life can be, and she is willing to explore the desperation which, for some people, is a way of life. Her perception is harsh and unpleasant, but also undeniably and beautifully true.

Whitey is unwilling to accept what experience should have taught him. He hides from his true self most completely through drinking. He lives a hazy existence which Olsen effectively shows. The reader struggles with Whitey as he tries to make sense of a confusing world. At the beginning of the story, Whitey tries to figure out what he is doing: "Gotta something. Stand watch? No, dint show last night" (22). A few minutes later, Whitey searches himself, trying to recollect where his money went. "Right breast pocket, a crumpled five. Left pants pocket, three, no, four collapsed one-ers. . ." (23).

The alcohol also helps Whitey to conceal his true self from others; it enables him to act tough or carefree when he actually is tougher on himself than he is on anyone else. He crosses a street without checking for cars. The drivers must brake hard not to hit him: Whitey "makes'em stop, said without glee" (24). Although it would appear that Whitey is mocking the cars because he can make them stop, he really only mocks himself because nobody really stops for him, or

takes notice of who he is. One of Whitey's favorite comments is "Hell with you. You got any friends? Then hell with your friends, too." This sounds hateful, but the hatred is directed only towards himself, as his actions reveal.

Whitey lives in a comfortably blurry world, and, moreover, he is passive in this world. He refuses to adapt to that which he cannot accept. This passivity carries over to all aspects of his life. When he gets to the house of his friends, Lenny and Helen, he is inactive, only doing what they ask of him: resting, eating, or telling them stories. Olsen illustrates his inaction well as the reader is bombarded with voices--of the children, of Lenny, of Helen--which show how Whitey listens to what is being said without taking an active role in the conversation.

"Jeannie's gonna get heck," says Carol. "Geeeee, down the hatch. Wish I could swallow that long. Is my dresser set solid gold like it looks?"

"Kiss the dolly you gave me," says Allie. "She's your grand-child now. You kiss her too, Daddy. I bet she was the biggest doll in the store."

"Your dolly can't talk. Thass good, honey, that she can't talk."

"Here's my album, Whitey. It's got a picture of you. Is that really you, Whitey? It don't look like . . ." (40)

He is even passive when he eats, with the food trickling down his chin (27).

Another way Whitey's passivity is manifested is in his constant dreaming, in his desire to repeat those experiences which he has decided were the best of his life. He carries with him two visions--returning to his sailing days and returning to Lenny's house. Whitey remembers the values that once were important to sailors: "Understand. The death of brotherhood. Once, once an injury to one is an injury to all. Once, once they had to live for each other" (45). He remembers when sailors were

respectable and respected, and compares this memory to his experiences now: "Only so far shall you go and no further. Uptown forbidden, not your language, not your people, not your country" (45). He also dreams of returning to Lenny's house: "...he has imagined and entered it over and over again, in a thousand various places, a thousand various times" (45). In his visions, he returns as a respectable man, bringing piles of gifts, cleaning the house, cooking dinner.

Yet for all Whitey's passivity and dreaming, he is wracked with pain. At times he is hit with the realization that his life is a front; some things he can't deny. He can not accept what he has lost—Helen's kiss and Lenny's touch hurt him (32). Once, he picks up Allie and she falls asleep in his arms: "It is destroying him utterly, this helpless warmth against him, this feel of child, lost country to him and unattainable" (29). Allie also reminds him of what he could not live with: "The begging children and the lost, the thieving children and the children who were sold" (29).

Through Tillie Olsen, Whitey's pain is the reader's pain. Olsen's world is not pretty, but it is a world the reader can identify with, willingly or not.

Marcella Hochwalt

Works Cited

Olsen, Tillie. "Hey Sailor, What Ship?" *Tell Me a Riddle*. New York: Laurel, 1961.



THIS CERTAINTY

Second Place, Roy Burkhart Religious Poetry Contest

In the certainty of death you
already are
gone.
In the certainty of tomorrow I
let today waste,
waste.
In the haze of a doorway my
goodbye seems so final and
the certainty of tomorrow
sickens me,
scares me.
Every tomorrow stumbles
forward with greedy promise.
Another day, goodbye.
Another day and I pray
God help me with
this certainty.

Marcella Hochwalt

HE HELD THE KNIFE IN HIS HAND

He held the knife in his hand

High above him
Poised in the air
Caught exalted in the moment

Then he struck

Not the blow of death
But
Thrusting into his life
So that he could feel

He watched

Transfixed
As the color of his soul
Spilled over his assassin's fingers
And smiled with the pain

(His stomach in spasms now)

And smiled
For the beauty
And
The travesty
Of his life

Maxine Williams

PRAISE

Yesterday, I was scolded by Tom
because I do not have white skin.
I was scolded by Sue
because I have slight eyes.
I was scolded again by Jimmy
because my hair is black and straight.

I was scolded by Mary.
I was scolded by Johnny.

I was scolded by Nancy
because somebody attacked Pearl Harbor.
I was scolded by George
because I was standing there,
because I was breathing.
I was scolded by anybody.
I was scolded any time.

But today, I was praised finally.
I was praised at last.
I was praised by a lady.
I was praised and she gave me a hug.
I was praised by the lady
because my English has no accent.

Bobby Shimba

Contributors

Heidi Baughman, an English writing major, is a continuing education student with eight quarters to go!

Ann Cupps, a junior, has been writing poetry for years. Most of her works deal with issues that people would like to keep silenced.

John Deeever is a junior English major who hopes to one day invent the Great American Novelty and to be Nortonally anthologized.

Laura Guy has worked diligently this past year as the art editor for the *Quiz and Quill*. She is graduating in June and we will miss her greatly!

Marcella Hochwalt, graduate-to-be, plans to return to West Virginia mountains soon. However, she now knows to steer clear of the Waynes and other coal-minin' cheatin' hearts.

Teresa Huckins is a freshman philosophy/religion major who challenges everyone to find a deep meaning in this haiku or anything for that matter.

Leigh Ann Inskip, a Visual Arts Education major, has been visible about campus this quarter. Her artwork has been displayed in the Battelle Fine Arts Center as a part of the senior exhibit.

Hillary Kline enjoys listening to *The Dead Milkmen* and *Depeche Mode*.

Some day in the future, she hopes to be an editor for *Rolling Stone* magazine.

Michael Mann, a sophomore English major, dedicates his work in this issue to Mr. and Mrs. Stichweh, two of the Visual Arts instructors at Otterbein.

Cyndi Miller is a sophomore English/International Studies major who loves James Bond movies and pizza in the park.

Art Ochsmann, a continuing education student, is learning how to write poetry by auditing English courses. Dr. Cecile Gray is his English professor.

Jennifer Olin, an eager senior, anticipates the world beyond graduation. She has enjoyed working on the *Quiz and Quill* while she has been at Otterbein.

Lori Patterson anxiously awaits graduation. In the mean time, she is busy with *Sibyl* and job hunting.

Deborah Shandor is a Speech Communication major and one of our prize winners.

Bobby Shimba is a junior Political Science, International Studies, and Art major. His poem is about Japanese-Americans who suffered in the U.S. concentration camps during WW II.

Rachel Von Seggern has graced our cover with her talent. She is a junior from Delta, Ohio, with a major in Visual Arts.

Brad Wees, a sophomore theater major, is a veteran contributor to *Quiz and Quill*. We hope that he will contribute more work.

Maxine Williams's poem was written after she read the works of Nietzsche. She is preparing for graduate work in English.